GLENN DANZIG LIAM SHARP

FRANK FRAZETTA

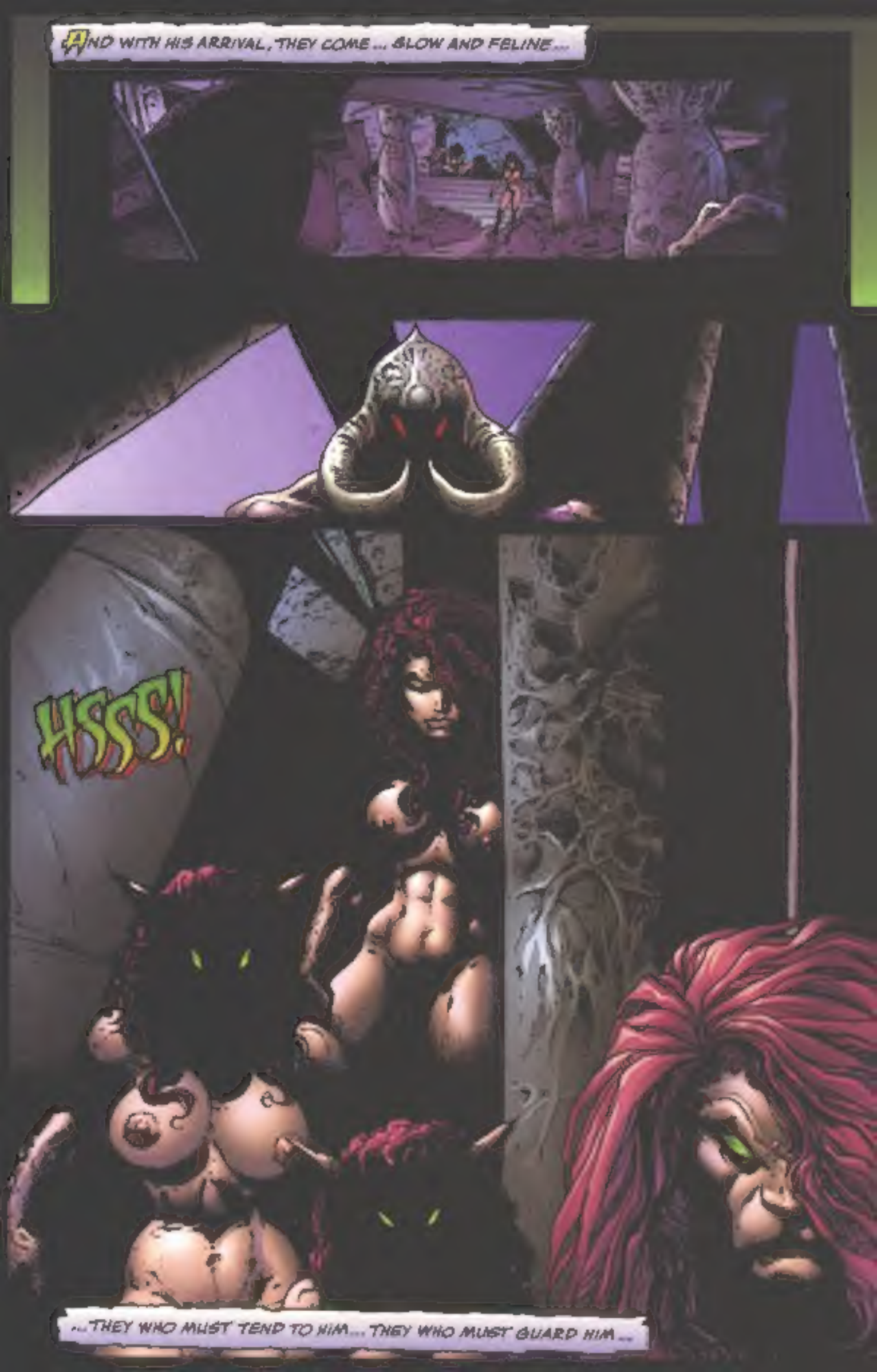
DEATH DEALER®

THE STORY THUS FAR.....

AFTER FIGHTING FOR AND BEING POSSESSED BY THE HELMET, DEATH DEALER SETS OUT TO DESTROY THE KINGS AND LORDS RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS BETRAYAL AND MURDER. HE HAS FOUND AND DECAPITATED THE LORD KHRONON.....

PAST THE GARDENS OF SKULL AND BONE...
...THRU THE FRAGRANCE OF DEATH, HE WALKS...

...DOWN... DEEP... INTO THE BELLY OF THIS KEEP...
...THAT THE DEATH DEALER CALLS HOME!


AND WITH HIS ARRIVAL, THEY COME... SLOW AND FELINE...
HSSS!
...THEY WHO MUST TEND TO HIM... THEY WHO MUST GUARD HIM...

...CLEANING THE CAKED, DRIED BLOOD FROM HIS SCARRED AND BATTERED PHYSIQUE.
RELUCTANTLY, THEY PREPARE HIM...

...DEADLY HALF-THINGS THAT WOULD JUST AS SOON KILL HIM AS STAND AT HIS SIDE...
GRRR!
...ALWAYS WAITING FOR THAT ONE WRONG MOVE.

...'TIL HE MUST LEAVE AGAIN... URGED ON BY THE HELMET HE WEARS...
...THE HELMET THAT HAS MADE HIM A PRISONER...
...AND AN ALLY.

THAT FACE--I'D KNOW IT ANYWHERE...
...IT IS THE LORD KHRONOS!

THIS IS AN ILL OMEN... ONE THAT DOES NOT BODE WELL... TAKE IT DOWN!
AT ONCE!

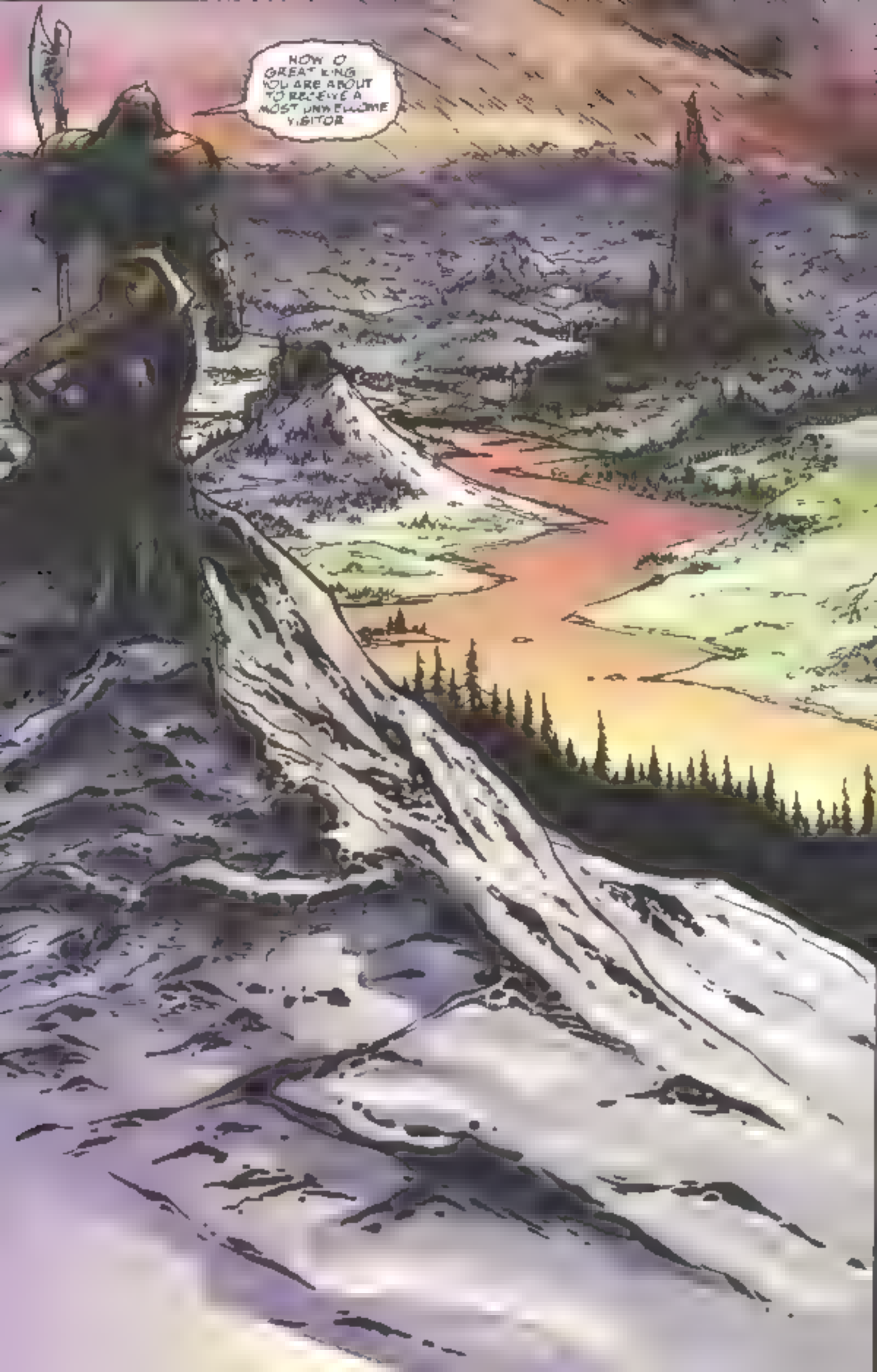
HA HA

AAAIIIEE!!
RWR
GO TELL THEM I HAVE RETURNED!
AH AHH·

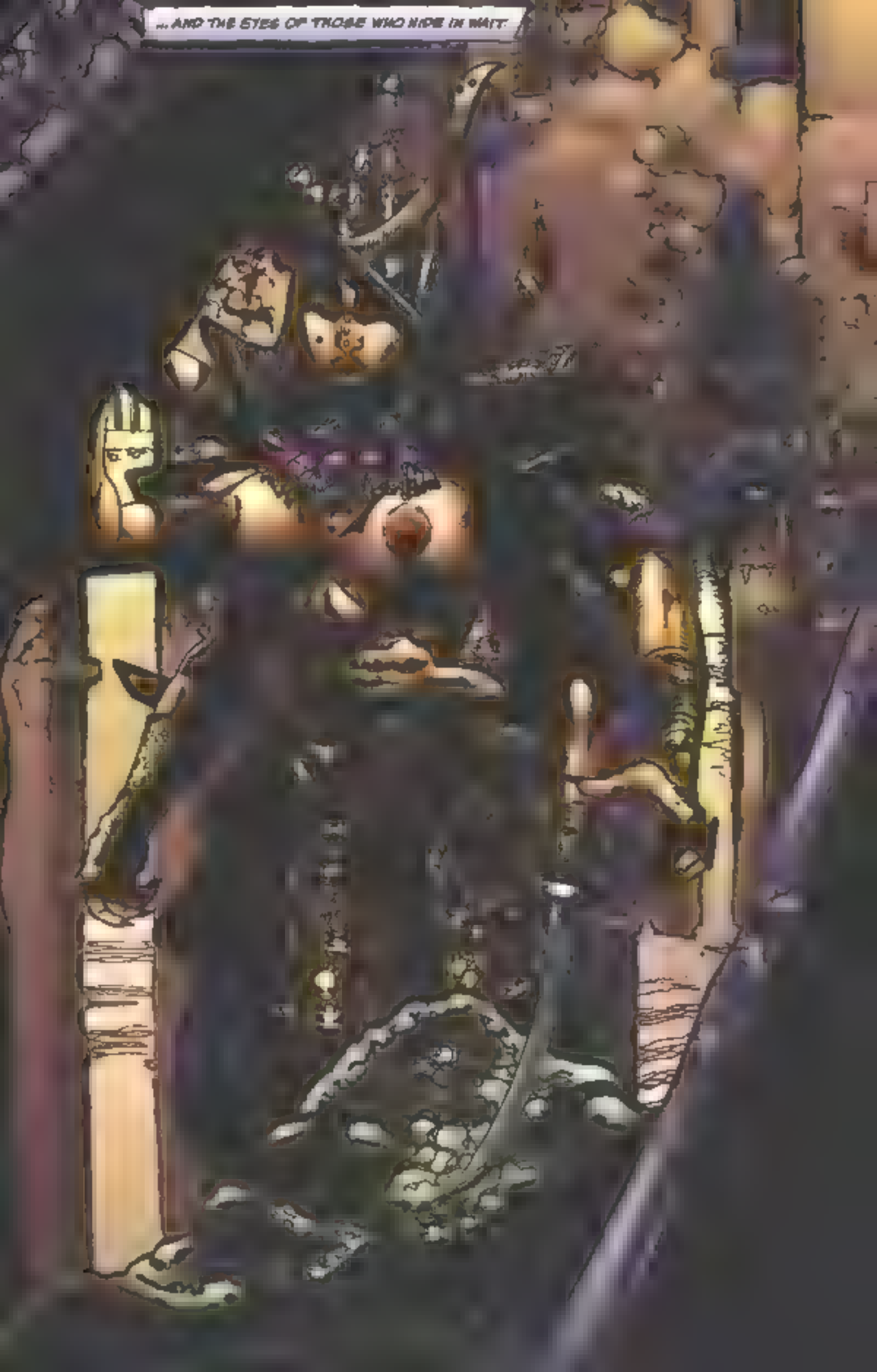
NO NEED. BAD NEWS TRAVELS FAST I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU
THOUGH I WOULD SEEM INCREDIBLE TO YOU, I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE US
DEATH IS NEVER INCREDIBLE AS YOU WILL SOON FIND OUT

THOK!
UUKK!
AAIEE

OOOF!
FOOK


NOW O GREAT KING YOU ARE ABOUT TO RECEIVE A MOST UNWELCOME VISITOR

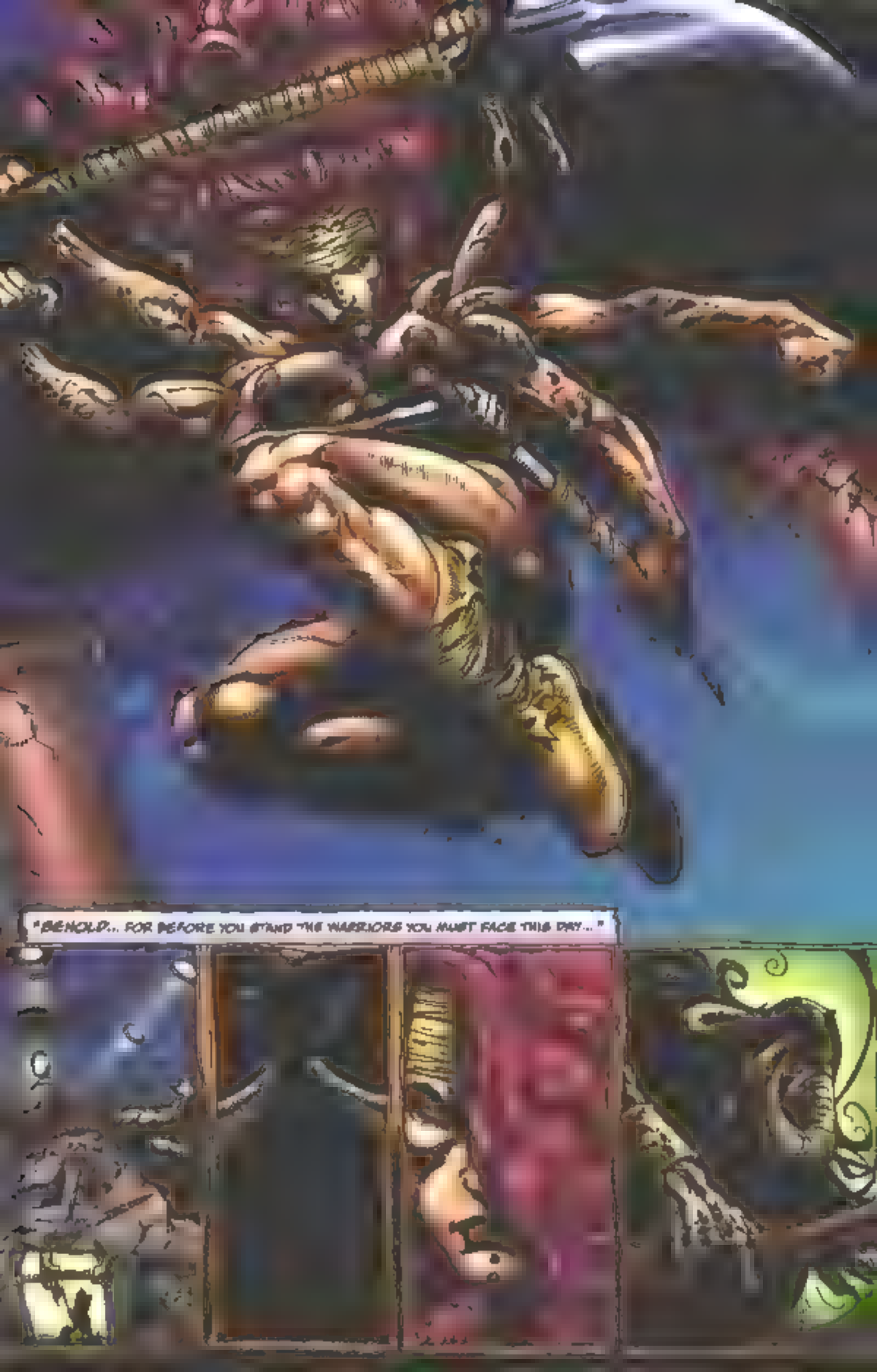
THE CITY AT THE FOOT OF THE CASTLE IS STRANGELY EMPTY, ITS ONLY OCCUPANT THE WIND BLOWING UP A SLIGHT DIN OF SAND AND DUST AS IT WHIPS THRU THE GHOST LIKE CORRIDORS AND ALLEYS PAST THE SHADOWS AND DEBRIS


... AND THE EYES OF THOSE WHO HIDE IN WAIT.

EMPTY
I KNOW YOU ARE STILL HERE
EVERYWHERE EMPTY

SO THE STORIES ARE TRUE YOU LIVE AGAIN
DRAGOVIC.

I KNOW NOT WHO YOU STAND HERE BEFORE ME FOR I WERE MOST CERTAINLY AWARE OF THE I AM SURE
NOTHING THEN SO FOR SURE
EVIDENTLY BUT IF THAT I AM INDEED MY WILL NOT LEAVE HERE ALIVE
OTHERS HAVE MADE THAT SAME BOAST
ONE WOMAN LIVED THE LENGTH OF TIME HATE DOES NOT BOAST
BEHOLD, DEATH DEALER!

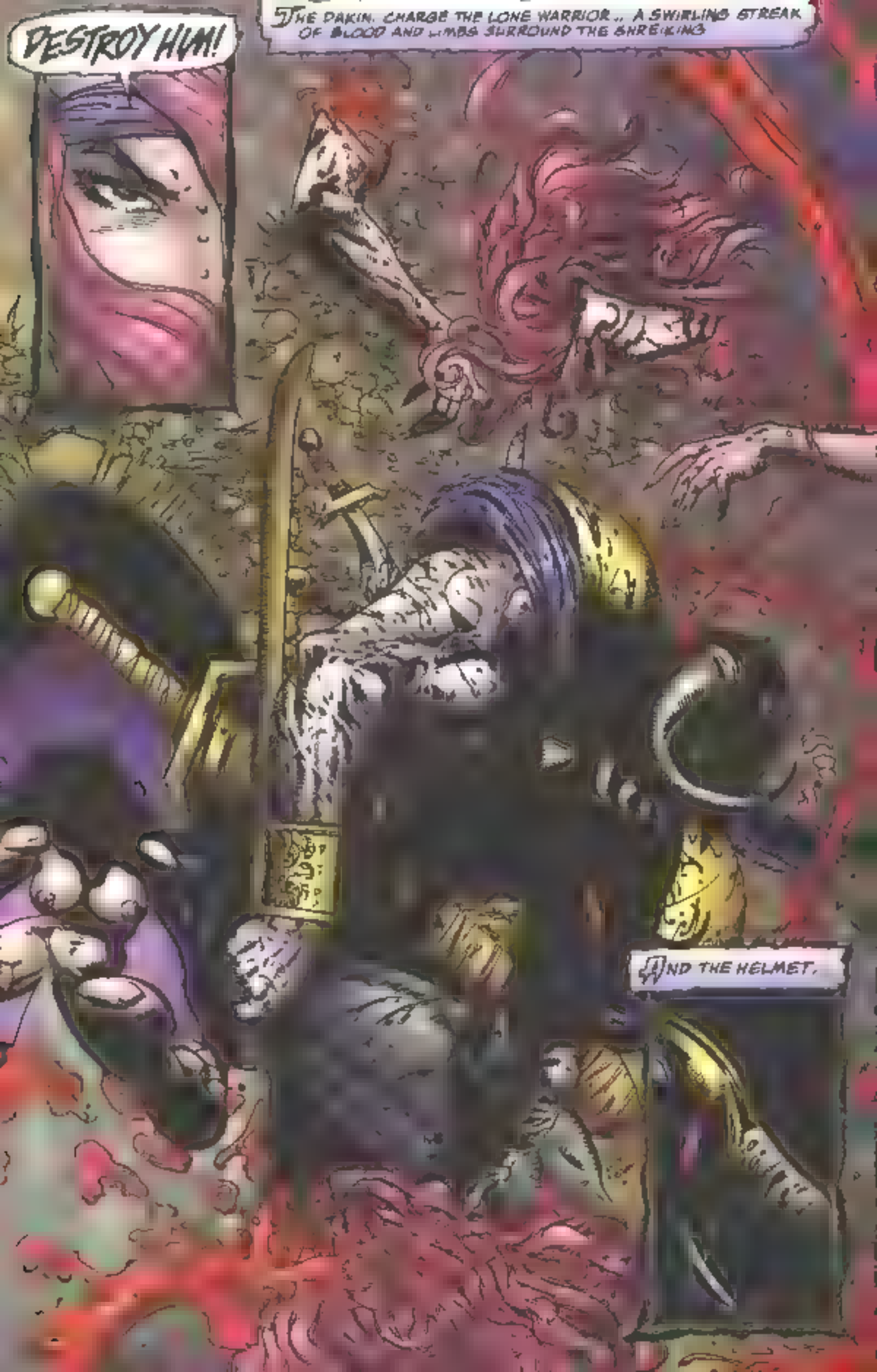

"BEHOLD... FOR BEFORE YOU STAND THE WARRIORS YOU MUST FACE THIS DAY..."

"...THEY ARE DAKINI... YOU SHALL FIND THEM FORMIDABLE ADVERSARIES OF THE HIGHEST STRATUM... ONCE USED BY KALI, THE DEATH GODDESS HERSELF."
THEN TODAY THEY GO BACK TO THE R LAL
YAAIEE
AAHHH
AAIIEEE

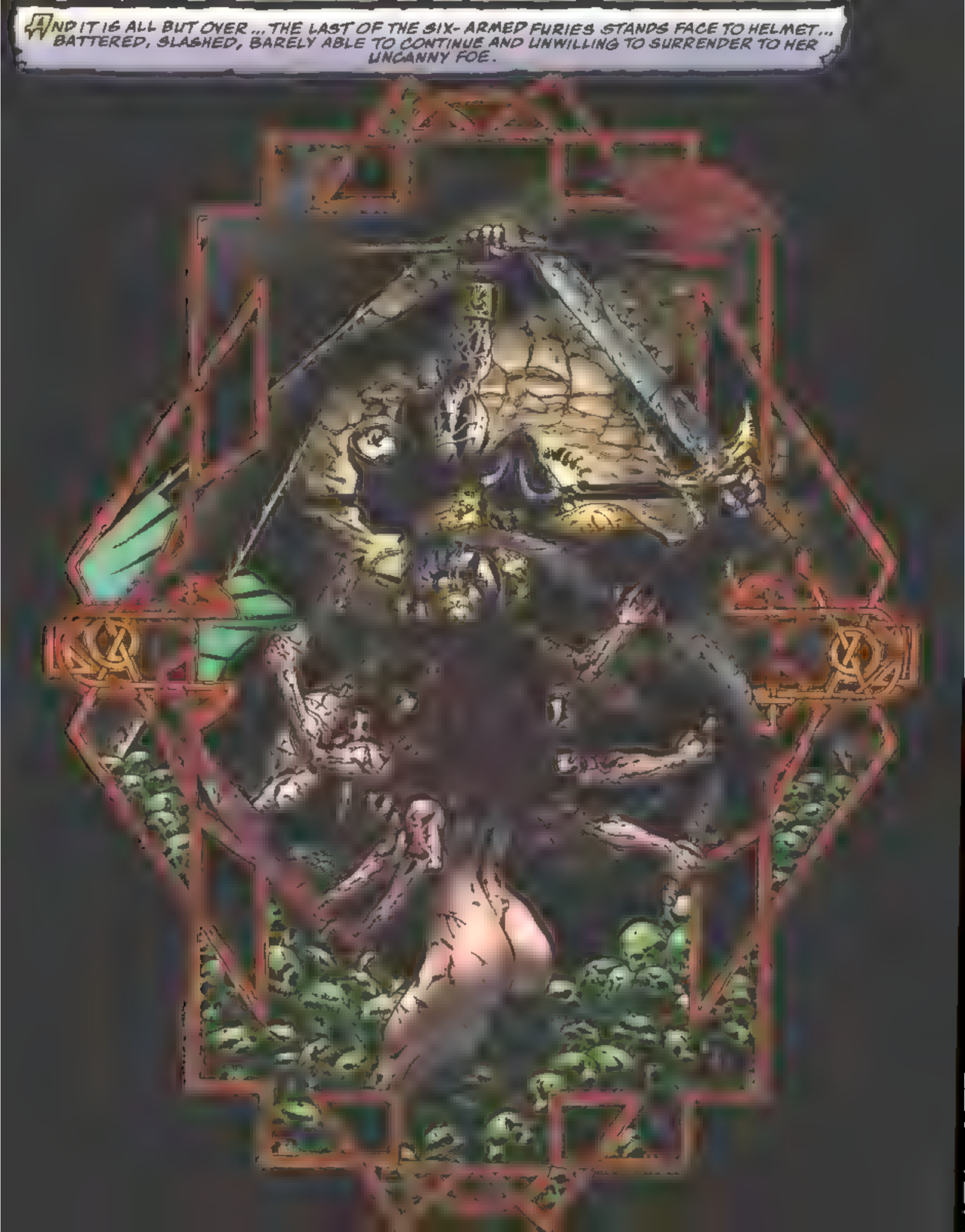
THE SIX-ARMED DAKINI WARRIORS SWARM FURIOUSLY UPON THE DEATH DEALER, BRINGING IMMEDIATE CARNAGE!
AAIIIEE!
THUK
KRKK
PLUK
FWIK
FWK

NOTHING SHALL KEEP ME FROM YOU
YOU SPEAK TOO QUICKLY HORNED ONE
YAAA!
AAIIEE!
CHOK
KALI!!

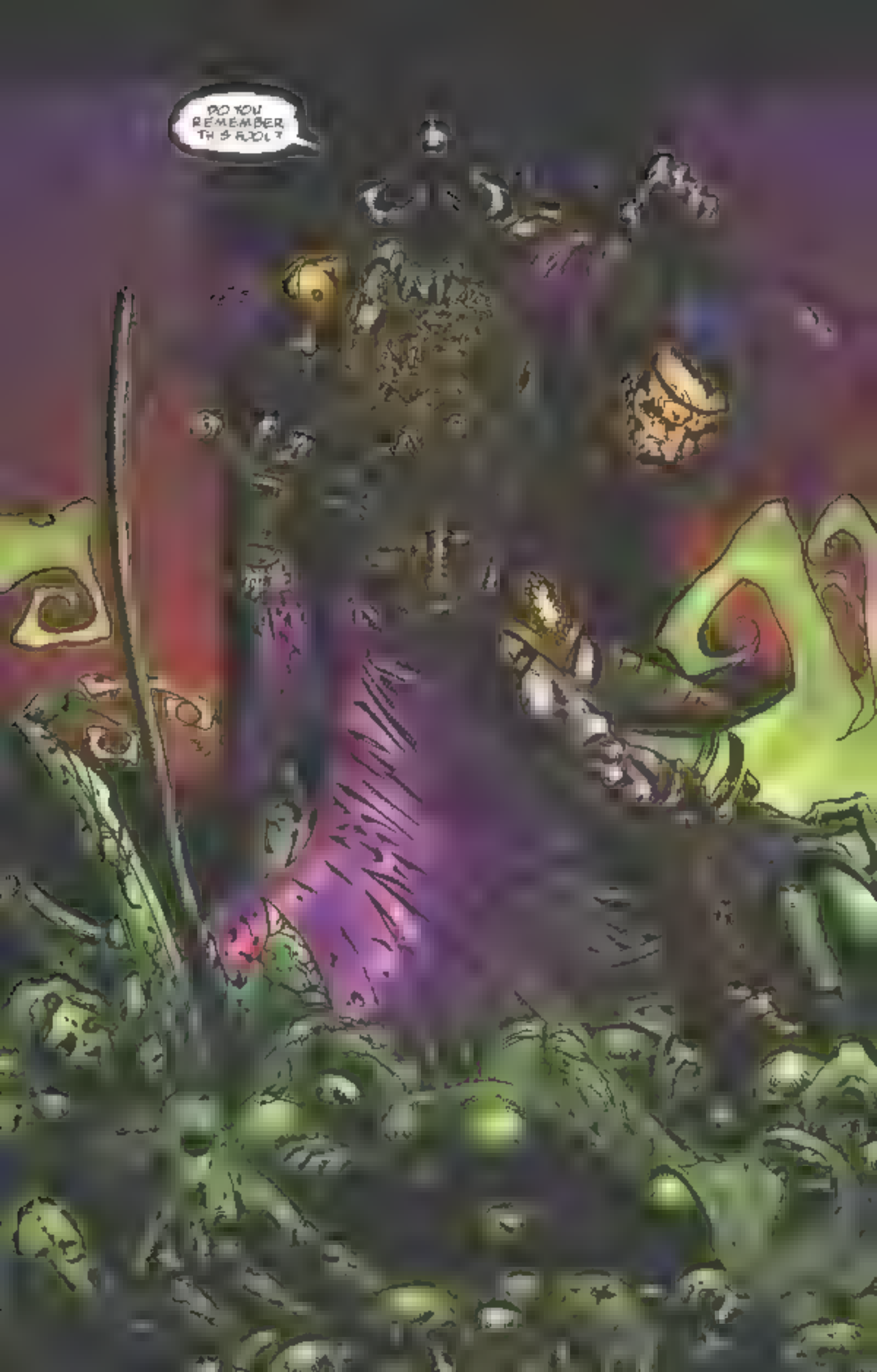
SSHRAK!
AAIIIEE!


DESTROY HIM!
THE DAKIN. CHARGE THE LONE WARRIOR.. A SWIRLING STREAK OF BLOOD AND LIMBS SURROUND THE SHRIEKING
AND THE HELMET.

.. IT VIBRATES RAPIDLY ABOUT HIS HEAD, CRIMSON FLUID SPLASHING EVERYWHERE, IT IS ALIVE AMIDST THE MAYHEM


AND IT IS ALL BUT OVER ... THE LAST OF THE SIX-ARMED FURIES STANDS FACE TO HELMET ... BATTERED, SLASHED, BARELY ABLE TO CONTINUE AND UNWILLING TO SURRENDER TO HER UNCANNY FOE.

YOU SEEM SURPRISED DRAGOYLE
YOU HAVE DONE THAT WHICH IS IMPOSSIBLE YOU HAVE BEATEN THE DARK!
HERE IS YET ANOTHER!


DO YOU REMEMBER THIS FOOL?

KHRONON?!
HERE TAKE A BETTER LOOK

NOT BAD BOTH KHRONOS AND THE PAK N'I WELL DONE DEATH DEALER.
I ASSUME THAT I AM TO BE NEXT OR MAYBE YOU'D LIKE A KINGDOM OF YOUR OWN NO PROBABLY NOT
YOU KNOW WE KILLED YOU ONCE WE SHALL KILL YOU AGAIN TAKE THE KINGDOM

I WANT NOTHING
KWAAK

THE KING'S BODY SLUMPS BACK INTO THE CHAIR SPLIT DOWN THE MIDDLE, HIS SPINE SEVERED AND ENTRAILS DANGLING. THE HEAD OF HIS GENERAL STILL LAYING AT HIS FEET

THE SCORE BETWEEN US IS SETTLED... WHETHER YOU GO TO ETERNAL PEACE OR ETERNAL MISERY, I CARE NOT
.. FOR YOUR TIME AMONG THIS WORLD HAS COME TO AN END

HE TURNED TO LEAVE ... AND THERE, WAITING PATIENTLY, HIS BLACK DEMON-HORSE STOOD... SNORTING IN THE SANDSTORM OUTSIDE ...

ONCE A GREAT CASTLE, IT WAS NOW A GIGANTIC SILENT TOMB... A LAST HOME FOR THE MANY CORPSES THAT NOW ROTTED SLOWLY INSIDE... THE WIND FOREVER SINGING ITS LONELY, COLD LULLABY...

OBLIVIOUS TO ALL ELSE

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THE NEW COVENANT